The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLV **MAY, 1937** **No. 11**

A MEMORY GEM

Some one started the whole day wrong;
Was it you?

Some one robbed the day of its song;
Was it you?

Early this morning some one frowned,
Some one sulked until others scowled,
And soon harsh words were passed around—
Was it you?

Some one started the day aright;
Was it you?

Some one made it happy and bright;
Was it you?

Early this morning, we are told,
Some one smiled, and all through the day
This smile encouraged young and old—
Was it you?

—*Selected.*

THE BOOMERANG OF JUDGMENT

In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus said to his disciples, "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." (Matt. 7:1-2.) Did Jesus mean that we were never to make any judgments? Certainly not! Jesus himself judges extensively as witnessed in his parables and teachings, and in his criticism of the Scribes and Pharisees. We are also forced to make judgments concerning persons, events, circumstances—in fact almost everything.

When Jesus said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," he was not telling us to refrain from judging but rather was calling attention to the right and wrong methods of judging. There are many wrong ways to judge.

One wrong way is to judge without facts or evidence. The modern emphasis is upon scientific thinking. When we mention the word "scientist" we generally picture a man who spends his hours in study and experimentation before he draws any conclusions. If he did not take time to ascertain his facts and verify them before pronouncing his conclusion the world would stamp him as unscientific. Yet so often people make important judgments of people without verifying their facts. They continue to hold their judgments as sound and right. Pope sums this attitude up when he says,

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Judgments without adequate knowledge are prejudices. Someone has said, "Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong." Prejudices are often inheritances from the past. Nehemiah, so the story goes, grieved greatly because the walls of his forefather's city had crumbled. Therefore, he gained permission from King Artaxerxes whom he served as cupbearer, to return to rebuild Jerusalem's walls. That was a commendable task. But men are still rebuilding walls built by their forefathers, walls rebuilt by minds rather than hands. Men continue to rebuild fences of prejudice poisoning the hearts of men, warping their minds, blinding their eyes and understanding. One of these prejudices nurtured through the ages has been the hatred of Jews. Said Einstein in an address at the Sorbonne, "If my theory of relativity is proven true, then in Germany I shall be hailed as a German and

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in France as a citizen of the world. But if it is proven false, then in France I shall be called a German and in Germany a Jew."

Prejudice will never wholly be conquered, and a totally unprejudiced person may never be found. Yet its power will become lessened when people will endeavor to secure facts before passing judgment, will love the truth more than any of their cherished opinions and throw off the shackles of inherited patterns of one-sided thought.

A second wrong way to judge is to judge in passion. In the heat of emotion, anger or unsympathetic feeling, judgment is sure to be biased. Simon Peter asked, "How many times must I forgive my brother when he wrongs me? Seven times?" The Rabbis in those days said three times was enough. Peter was unusually generous in adding four additional times. Yet Jesus said, "Not seven times but seventy times seven." Why did Jesus make the forgiveness of a wrong-doer so long? Why did he say, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also?" Why did he say, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain?" Why did he say, "If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also?" Perhaps the explanation is that he was instructing his disciples in the right way of judging—teaching them not to judge quickly, overharshly, or in the heat of passion or anger. When a man does some wrong to us, our judgment of him at the moment is undoubtedly influenced by our emotion. If we must forgive him seventy times seven, if we must also turn the other cheek, go the second mile, give him our cloak also—then we cannot be said to have judged in passion.

A third wrong way to judge is to judge others in the light of our own superiority. In such a mood did the Pharisee judge the publican praying, "I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican." Jesus condemned the Pharisee because he exalted himself and thought more highly of himself than he ought. Jesus called the Scribes and their followers "Sons of Vipers, outwardly whited sepulchers but inwardly full of dead men's bones" because they held themselves superior to their fellowmen. On the other hand, the Bishop in "Les Miserables" will always be remembered as one who never condemned anybody or anything in haste, or in the light of his own level of goodness, but who always took into account the circumstances. The bishop's attitude was, "Examine the road over which the fault has passed." Likewise the poet cautions,

"Judge not the workings of a brain
And of a heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou would'st faint and yield."

If we are going to judge people, we ought to consider their background, their problems, their experiences, their level of moral apprehension and extent of spiritual integrity. Else our judgments will be colored.

This leads us to the fourth wrong way to judge, namely to judge the minor faults of others and at the same time be completely oblivious of our personal shortcomings. Jesus said, "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Let us not scale down these words. Jesus meant by mote a tiny splinter, and by beam a large timber. These words were used advisedly and for their obvious contrast. Too often men condemn minor faults in others and ignore their own major deficiencies.

Such was the thought Jesus had in mind when he called upon the accusers to pass judgment upon the woman taken in adultery, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her."

In all our judgments we need to be cautious. We need to take into account our experience, our tendencies, our emotional bias, our peculiarities of reaction, our favorite lines of thinking. We should judge only upon the basis of fact and evidence; only in moments when we can be impartial and free of emotional anger or passion; only by taking into consideration the background, experience and problems of those we judge and never in the light of our own superiority; only by being conscious of our deficiencies, of the beam within our own eye and not making mountains out of the motes of others.

But this is not the end of the matter. Jesus added another significant thought for said he, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you." It suggests that judgment is a boomerang, that by our own decisions are we judged. John Clarence Petrie put it thus, "Every day we have to make decisions, take attitudes, approve or disapprove or remain neutral, and by those decisions are we judged. We are culprit, policeman, attorney, judge, and jury—all in one. When an act or thought or word or wish of ours has looked us in the face and said, 'I am your judgment' then we have been judged indeed."

The fact that our judgments of others are in the last analysis judgments of ourselves is too easily forgotten. An American tourist once hurried into a European art gallery, remained but a few minutes, and then in disgust hurried out. To the attendant the tourist said, "Not a thing here worth seeing—not a thing." "If you please, sir," said the old attendant, "these pictures are no longer on trial, the spectators are." And so it is with the frescoes of Michelangelo, the symphonies of Beethoven, the poetry of Browning, the plays of Shakespeare, the sculpture of Thorwaldsen. These are no longer on trial, but the spectators are. St. Augustine tells about a man who complained to the Almighty about one of his neighbors saying, "O Lord, take away this wicked person." And God said, "Which?"

Judgment is undeniably a boomerang, for by our judgments and our decisions are we indeed judged. We will not cease judging, intelligent people will always pass judgments. But we will realize that our judgments of others reflect good or evil judgments upon ourselves. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you."

REV. LAWRENCE W. ABBOTT.

RULES FOR GRAMMAR

Three little words you often see
Are articles—a, an, and the.

A noun's the name of anything
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Instead of nouns, the pronouns stand,
Her head, his face, your arms, my hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done,
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump or run.

How things are done, the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door.

The interjection shows surprise,
As O! how pretty—O! how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

—*Clipped.*

A recent survey shows that considerably more than a million letters are mailed in the United States every hour.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

At this time of year many changes occur in the personnel of Cheerful Letter committees. This Department asks that you turn over your regular correspondents to your successor, or perhaps if you plan to keep them you will remain on your local committee. Alliance members not on a Cheerful Letter committee and corresponding regularly with any of our members should report this annually to their local chairman. If you wish to drop any regular correspondent please notify your chairman who in turn will get in touch with this Department. After a shut-in becomes a member and is given to some worker she should not be dropped unless the Department is notified. Also if a regular correspondent does not prove satisfactory please contact the Department at once. All regular correspondents are listed under the Alliance branch which has adopted them. Any changes in your correspondents should come to us at once because it is very important that the files be kept up-to-date to be of service to all.

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents.*

1. Mrs. J. H. Walker, Powellton, W. Va., is 37 years old and has 6 children, 4 boys and 2 girls. Their home is in a mining camp and they attend the Methodist church. She asks for a regular correspondent.

2. Last June I was married and left my home to live with my husband's folks. The climate here is more advantageous for I am not troubled with asthma as I used to be. I seem to have more ambition to fix things up and am anxious to piece quilts and do fancy work. I need thread and patterns and someone's assistance with a few suggestions. Before I was married the Cheerful Letter Exchange was very kind to me and I look forward to hearing from a new correspondent. I am 25 years old. Mrs. Clyde Wilson, R. 1, Athens, Tenn.

3. I am 48 years old and have 5 children, 4 girls at the ages of 15, 17, 20, and 22; 1 boy at the age of 13. I've been

sick on and off for 2 years and would be glad to hear from someone for it is very lonesome where we live and I'm hoping some good woman will want to write me. Letters from another state will be interesting. Mrs. C. C. Whitaker, also of R. 1, Athens, Tenn.

4. I'm a woman of 40 years with several children and in ill health so you see I have to spend most of my time indoors. I get very lonely at times and sewing helps a whole lot. But we don't have very much to sew with, so if some generous person would send quilt scraps, embroidery and crochet materials it would give me some pleasant leisure moments. Also before closing, I would like to ask for a regular correspondent, too. A few letters of sunshine would add so much to our monotonous life. Mrs. Annie B. Bridges, Dabney, Ark.

5. Miss Doris Evins, Madison, N. C., 18 years old, sends word that she would like to correspond with a girl of her age. She will acknowledge any letters that come. Further information about surroundings and education will have to be supplied by Miss Evins.

6. Mrs. Lydia B. Perry, Fieldale, Va., is 42 years old and has 5 children, 2 boys and 3 girls. They live in a mill village. She prefers a regular correspondent and hopes to hear soon.

7. I am 33 years old and the mother of 7 children, 4 girls and 3 boys. We live about 3 miles from church on a rough road and the weather has been so bad we have not been able to attend regularly. I get lonesome now and then and the idea came to me that a regular correspondent would be a change for us. Hearing from an outsider would give us some news. Mrs. Martin Z. Hoyle, Crabtree, Ark.

8. Mrs. Charles H. Misenheimer, R. 1, Richfield, N. C., would enjoy a correspondent as she gets very tired with family affairs. She is 50 years old with 5 children, 11 to 25 years old.

9. I am 26 years old and the mother of 4 little children, ages from 2 to 7 years. It keeps me and my husband busy trying to provide for them. I long to get in touch with other people for I feel they would cheer me in regaining my health. A friendly letter once in a while, postcards and embroidery work would mean a great deal to me and the kids. Mrs. Bea Strickland, R. 2, Erie, Tenn.

10. Cheerful Letters are what we need! My 4 children have gone to a home of their own and my husband and I and a grandchild, 9 years old, make our home together. Since a major operation 2 years ago I have never fully recovered so I don't accomplish very much work. My age is 48. Mrs. Ella Williams, Forestburg, Tenn.

APPEALS

These Appeals need not be answered a second time and we ask you not to take them as a *regular correspondent* no matter how appealing the acknowledgment is for the package. For any exception please address this Department.

1. Mrs. Martha Plowman, R. 3, Wadesboro, N. C., sends a very earnest plea for books or magazines. "We are not able to go very often and no way to get reading so you can see how entertaining something of this nature would be to me and my husband."

2. We have a family of 7 children, 3 boys and 4 girls; ages 3 to 18. Any kind of reading materials or scrapbooks would please us very much. Trust somebody will remember us in the near future. Mrs. Nora Andrews, R. 1, B. 78, Sparta, N. C.

3. I have lost my husband and feel so alone; no children to comfort me and I can tell you it sure gets lonesome. I want to become a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange because it may give me a little of the cheer I need. I mean by this some good reading to help pass the time away. Mrs. Nora Henderson, Russellville, Ark.

4. I am a girl age 17. My mother is an invalid. I have a little sister age 9. On account of mother's health I spend many lonely hours for I have to stay at home so much. I would like to get reading material, scraps of embroidery thread, and little cards for sister. I will close hoping to hear from you soon. Miss Ethel Miller, R. 1, Evensville, Tenn.

5. Mrs. Willie Walker, Thelma, Va., is 54 years old with 1 boy, age 14. She makes an appeal for quilt scraps and thread because she is unable to complete her quilts owing to lack of materials. Her husband is out of work just at present and it is impossible to purchase any extras. Her boy would enjoy some story books.

6. I am a young married woman, 22 years old, and live on a rented farm with my husband and baby boy. A few quilt scraps would be a big help to me and toys for the baby would gladden our hearts. Mrs. Lois Devine, R. 3., Sweetwater, Tenn.

7. I wonder if someone could send a lonely lady and one little son some good reading. I am a widow, and live about 20 miles from the railroad. My boy is 10 years old. I will never get done thanking you for your kindness. Mrs. Bettie Ramsburg, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

8. I have been reading your *Cheerful Letter* magazine given me by a friend. I would love to exchange quilt blocks with someone. We live way out in western Texas where the sandstorms blow. There are 6 of us in the family; 2 girls and 2 boys. Mrs. Mack Jones, R. 1, Newlin, Tex.

9. Mrs. Fuchsia B. Viney, Verona, Mo., is interested in quilt making. She is eager to get materials of any kind, also any patterns with instructions. (This member belongs to one of our Alliances, but the branch members are not in a position to collect pieces, so ask that the appeal be published.)

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

By Malcolm R. Eiselen

It was early in 1789 and all the preliminaries for launching the new government of the United States had been arranged. The expiring Congress of the Confederation had chosen the place, New York City, and set the date, March 4, 1789. Public-spirited citizens had at their own expense fitted out Federal Hall on Wall Street, to house the new government. The presidential electors had been chosen by the several states and in due course had cast their ballots. At sunset on March 3 the guns of New York's famed Battery had sounded the death salute of the old Confederation. Then, the next morning, the city awoke to a humiliating embarrassment. Neither in the House nor in the Senate could they raise a quorum, and without a quorum the electoral votes could not be counted. According to law the President's term had begun; according to the Constitution there was no President.

Frantically, letters were dispatched to the absentees, but transportation was slow and the members apathetic. Day after day, a handful of senators and representatives gathered in Federal Hall, counted the vacant seats, and adjourned to the more congenial surroundings of a nearby tavern. It was not until April 6 that both Houses were able to raise a quorum. Not until then, thirty-three days after his term had actually begun, was George Washington officially proclaimed President of the United States.

General Washington, at Mount Vernon, had been awaiting the inevitable news of his election with profound misgivings. He was reluctant to leave the peace of the plantation. His finances, after his long years of Revolutionary services, were at a low ebb. His aged mother was in her last illness. Even more, he mistrusted his ability to guide the nation upon the hazardous path which lay before it. When, on April 16, he finally set out for the federal capital, his diary sadly recorded the departure: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mt. Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York." In a letter he wrote, "My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution."

Scarcely less were the misgivings with which the members of Congress awaited Washington's arrival. They were starting upon an uncharted path of national

existence. Vital questions of procedure would have to be decided. For instance, what title should be used in addressing the chief executive? Many felt that the mere title of President was too plebeian. Fire companies and cricket clubs, it was pointed out, had presidents.

A week before the inauguration, a Senate committee was appointed to report a title which would better accord with Washington's personal dignity and the prestige of the new office. The committee deliberated and came forward with the soul-stirring title, His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their Liberties. The more democratic House would have none of it. Washington was consulted and suggested the even more resounding title of His High Mightiness. This too was rejected, as were His Elective Majesty and His Excellency. One member suggested that if the President were to be known as His Excellency, the Vice-President ought to be designated His Superfluous Excellency. Another, with an eye to certain of Vice-President Adams' physical characteristics, suggested that he might well be called His Rotundity. The question of title never did get settled, and to this day the President of the United States may be addressed in whatever terms good breeding or partisan animosity suggest.

It was not until April 30 that all was in readiness for the nation's first inauguration. The day dawned bright and clear; the streets were thronged with festive spectators. The military were forming for the inaugural procession. Meanwhile, in the Senate chamber, all was in confusion. At the last moment, there had been raised a momentous question of etiquette. When the President appeared to deliver his inaugural address, should he be received by Congress sitting or standing? Some of the Senators said that it should remain seated as did the House of Lords during the speech from the throne. Others believed that it should stand, as did the House of Commons upon that occasion.

Suddenly, in the midst of the debate, it was recalled that they had forgotten to send the proper committee to escort the President-elect from his lodgings to the Capitol. Hastily the committee was dispatched, but there followed more than an hour of anxious waiting. In the interval, it was discovered that there was no Bible upon which to administer the oath of office.

General Washington finally arrived, escorted by a large procession of distinguished citizens. Eyewitnesses noted with surprise that the General, who could face the entire British army without a tremor, was visibly perturbed; that his hand trembled and his voice shook so that it could scarcely be understood. Washington would have preferred that the oath be administered in private, but he was overruled and the official party proceeded to an open balcony, looking down upon Wall Street, where a large crowd had assembled. Washington stood with bowed head, his hand upon the Bible, and as the prescribed oath was finished he solemnly added, "I swear, so help me God." Then he bent over and reverently kissed the book.

The new President bowed his acknowledgments to the people and withdrew to the Senate chamber. As he entered, the entire assemblage, all questions of procedure forgotten, spontaneously arose and remained standing throughout the reading of the inaugural address. It was not a great inaugural as such things go, for Washington was never a master of the spoken word. It was, however, a significant one. It served notice to the American people and to the world that the political anarchy of the Confederation period was now ended, and that the nation had at last achieved a real government with both the power and the courage to act.

The North American Review.

"WOMEN PAST FORTY"

Will anyone who owns this book and is willing to pass it along please communicate with Mrs. David T. Whiton, Main Street, Hingham, Mass.

IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP—

FREDERICK S. BIGELOW

Many of those who suffer from sleeplessness will agree that it is the bad habit of night-thinking that keeps them awake. What can we do to break this habit—to rid the mind at bedtime of worries, excitements and apprehensions?

There are certain simple procedures that should be of inestimable help. The writer has learned, for instance, to employ one seemingly childish device with such effectiveness that when clamorous thoughts come between him and sleep, he can banish them instantly.

Imagine that your mind has taken the form of a large school slate which rests on your knees. Imagine, further, that automatic writing by an unseen hand records before your eyes every thought that intrudes upon your resting mind. Fortunately, you are armed with a damp sponge, and you are quick to erase every thought that appears upon the slate. You are watching the slate with all the alertness of which you are capable; and the game is to erase the writing as it appears, before the unseen hand can even complete a single sentence.

You must keep your slate black and clean at any cost!

Does it sound absurd? Well, it brings results.

Again, nothing could be easier than to imitate the slow, deep, rhythmical breathing of sleep. Do it thoughtfully and critically. Listen closely to the sounds you make and note if your breathing is smooth and regular. You will find something soothing in the very listening. What is more, you will note that this close attention to your own breathing helps to keep out intrusive and irritating thought.

It is quite likely that after a very few minutes, a sense of peacefulness and well-being will steal over you. In a moment or two the rhythm of simulated sleep will become the rhythm of sleep itself.

There are other resources at our command. Every medical man knows what can be accomplished by the proper sort of bath. The unfortunate thing about it is that the more unpleasant your bath the more effective it will probably prove. You are not permitted water of genial warmth, nor a vigorous rubdown. Your tub must be of such a tepid temperature that you emerge almost shivering. You must pat yourself dry. After this you will find yourself a little damp and chilly.

You make a beeline for bed and put your light out, thoroughly hating yourself. Presently the chilliness begins to abate and a mild, genial warmth takes its place. As you become more and more comfortable, there follows a blissful period of 15 or 20 minutes during which, if you put the brakes on your racing mind, you have a very good chance of falling asleep.

To utilize the same principle when you awake in the night and fail to drop off to sleep again, try this: Throw back the bedclothes and remain uncovered until you have become uncomfortably chilly. Then cover up again and see if sleep does not come to you almost at once as soon as you get warm.

Another resource to invoke is reading in bed. But you must have proper pillows—not mere bed pillows but hair-stuffed cushions that offer a firm support and hold the trunk comfortably upright to make reading easy on the eyes. When reading for the purpose of inducing sleep, the writer recommends non-fiction rather than fiction. Hard books are better than easy ones.

This use of books is to force the brain upon the horns of a dilemma. It is required either to engage in vigorous action that would tax it under the most favorable conditions, or to surrender unconditionally to sleep. Readers who have never tried this method will be surprised to see how readily their minds will surrender.

We often hear patients complain that they fall asleep easily enough, but wake in the early hours of the morning and cannot soon drop off again.

The writer would offer these imperfect sleepers one practical suggestion in

which he has great faith: he would ask them to form the habit of keeping their eyes closed when they wake. The sharp impact of even moderate light upon the retina may drive sleep further away.

None of these suggestions will put you to sleep—that is the business of nature. They will, however, give nature a chance to go about her beneficent routine without unavoidable interference. The mind is a creature of habit, and new habits cannot be established instantly; but ten consecutive nights of trying out any of these ideas should show which are most helpful in your own case. Give them a fair chance, and you may be rewarded far beyond expectation.

—Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

ROSES PAY WELL FOR JUST A LITTLE CARE

If one has a vegetable garden, a row of hybrid teas can be set between the garden and the lawn. It will serve a double purpose, as an ornamental boundary and as a source of lovely bouquets for the house.

If one has no vegetable garden, a row can be set on the lawn. The soil should be deeply spaded to a width of from 18 to 24 inches. For a larger bed another row can be set at a distance of about four feet from the first row and a strip of turf left between as a path.

It is well to consider the likes and dislikes of roses when placing a rose bed. Roses demand four or five hours of direct sunlight every day. They will do well in a city backyard, where the sun shines only during the middle of the day. They will also do well at either the east or west end of the house or garage, but should not be planted on the north side.

Roses will also do well where the shade of trees falls a part of the day. Care should be taken to keep the roots of trees from invading the rose bed. This can be done by cutting them off two or three times a season with a sharp spade.

As a rule the home gardener does not have much choice in the matter of soil. He has to make the best of what he has. Fortunately roses are not over-particular. They will thrive in any good garden soil. They object to an excessively sour soil or to wet feet.

The soil should be carefully prepared before the plants are set. There is nothing better than well-rotted cow manure. This is sometimes difficult to obtain.

Very good success may be had by using specially prepared humus. Spade up the bed. Apply a two-inch layer of humus and fork this into the soil as thoroughly as possible. A good "balanced" fertilizer should also be worked in along with the humus. Such a fertilizer can be purchased at any garden supply store.

Ground tobacco stems are very useful in supplying nitrogen and potash. They also help to add humus to the soil.

A compost pile is a valuable aid in maintaining a rose bed. It can be started now for use next season. In an out-of-the-way spot pile together bits of sod, grass clippings, soft prunings. Gradually this will disintegrate into a black, rich humus. *—Boston Globe.*

BE GLAD

Is it raining, little flower?
  Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee,
  'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true,
  But just behind it shines
    The Blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
  Be glad of pain;
In sorrow the sweetest things will grow
  As flowers in the rain.
God watches and thou wilt have sun
  When clouds their perfect work
    Have done.

—Author Unknown.

"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase."—Proverbs 3:9.

Life is not a matter of getting honors, but of deserving them.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A VISIT TO THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

By MAJORIE ELLMS

"Let's go to the Children's Museum," said Ned to his Aunt Alice one Sunday afternoon in early spring, and Jack and Jill and Mary cried in one voice, "Oh, please, let's." When Uncle Horace was consulted, he said that he would be glad to drive them out, so they all climbed into his big car and were driven to Jamaica Plain and along the shores of Jamaica Pond. The children were much interested in the swans which were gracefully sailing along the edge of the pond, and wished they had brought something for them to eat.

Set back among the trees, they saw a homey-looking red-brick building which proved to be the Museum. As they approached it, Ned discovered a sign on the door which said, "Admission free," and in the vestibule was another printed notice which said:

"I love beautiful things and wish to come to the Museum often. I promise:

To talk quietly

To be orderly and mannerly

To walk instead of running or sliding

To learn to look without touching

To help others to learn proper Museum manners."

Opening another door, the party found itself in a big room full of glass cases and strange creatures; the sun was shining in at the farther end and somewhere a canary was singing. There were children's voices and a sort of bustling about. It did not seem like what one thinks a museum should be. Of course the animals and birds and things were awfully quiet. A story label on the mongoose said: "Why don't you go upstairs and read about me in Kipling's Jungle Book, the story of Riki-Tikki-Tavi?"

After looking about for a bit, Uncle Horace and Aunt Alice decided to stroll around the grounds, telling the children they would be back in an hour and see what they were doing.

On their return, they found Mary in the Doll Room. Here there were more than 300 dolls of 11 countries, including early American, and a fascinating doll house. Mary had also seen the Japanese festival dolls, sent from Japan as a friendly gift to the children of America, and a little girl had told her about a Travel Club which meets every week and dresses dolls of far-away countries.

Ned had spent a long time with the American Indian collection. Then he had heard somebody talking about stamps and had found a stamp club going on. Uncle Horace was very much interested in this as he used to collect stamps when he was a boy.

Jill had been talking with somebody they called Mrs. Harlow, who wasn't too busy to tell her all about the Museum League, and the way boys and girls may win pins and diplomas and prizes. She had also told her about a Nature Club, which takes field trips to study birds, flowers, insects, etc. Jill had a collection of ferns which she had made all by herself, and she found that she could exhibit it in the Children's Exhibition Case.

Jack had met a boy who belongs to a Science Club, which meets in the basement and has fun making experiments. This boy sometimes writes about these experiments in the magazine, *Our Hobbies*, which the Museum children publish all by themselves. Jack used to get out a family newspaper on his typewriter, and he thought he would like to be in *Our Hobbies*. He promised to come the next Saturday afternoon at four to the *Hobbies'* meeting. After the business part of it is over, Professor Morris, who went on that wonderful expedition to Mongolia in search of Ancient Man, is going to discuss with them interesting facts about the way our earth is made.

Meanwhile, Aunt Alice had been browsing around, looking and listening. She felt that she would like to ask some questions about this unique place and presently she found a sprightly, smiling person ready to talk with her. It was Miss

Mildred E. Manter, the Director.

"What is the idea behind this institution?" asked Aunt Alice.

"Well, in our annual report we say that our purpose is to educate children in the natural sciences, and to promote their love of nature and their interest in science. But our Museum has grown to mean a great deal more than that. Its real purpose is to enrich and broaden every child's life, in different ways for different children, of course. I think if a child comes regularly to the Museum and participates in its activities, he will grow up with not only a fine knowledge of how the earth is made, but a deep appreciation of every living thing. We reach the heart of the world through the heart of the child. We never let routine stand in the way of helping a child, because we believe that a child's interest is best served on the spot."

"I see. What are some of your activities?"

"We have regular Saturday afternoon popular talks by scientists, travelers, or staff members, always illustrated with motion pictures or lantern slides. On alternate Sundays we have an afternoon talk by some well-known person. On Saturday mornings we have a Story Hour for little folks. We also supply special lectures in the field of natural history and ethnology to schools, clubs, and various organizations. We loan collections for visual instruction. But our most important work is service to individuals."

"It seems a little out-of-the-way here," remarked Aunt Alice. "How is your attendance?"

"Over 120,000 last year. One day over 1,700. Not so bad," smiles the Director.

"I should say not," said Aunt Alice. "But I suppose there's not much doing in summer?"

"Oh, yes. Our summer attendance last year was 29,000. And more than 4,300 boys and girls visited us from Boston playgrounds alone."

"I was interested in the Japanese Good-Will Doll upstairs," continued Aunt Alice.

"Yes. She represents part of our work in promoting friendship between the children of the United States and foreign countries. We had last month, for example, an exhibit of drawings by Mexican school children, which is going eventually to the Children's Museum in Kyoto, Japan. We have a lecture by a foreign citizen once a month, which brings the children into direct contact with interesting personalities from other lands. We gathered, recently, Latin-American articles and reference material, with a view to creating better understanding between the Americas; and the last issue of *Our Hobbies* was devoted to South American topics."

"Well!" said Aunt Alice. "This is what I call a progressive place."

"Just that, and we're growing every minute!" The Director looked out across the sunny waters of Jamaica Pond. "If we had another building, we could fill it with just the exhibits we have. So many plans for the future,—a lecture hall out here on the terrace, for instance, with no stairs to climb. A larger staff. . . ."

Just then Uncle Horace and the children appeared.

"I've theen millionth of dollth," said Mary, her eyes shining.

"Say," said Jack, "there's a bunch gets out a magazine here. They want me to join and write up stuff for it. And there is a Science Club and a Geology Club and—"

"I'm going to bring over my fern collection and exhibit it," said Jill. "And I want to join the Nature Club and the Museum League and—"

"Did you see that Philippines collection?" broke in Uncle Horace. "Finest I ever saw."

"I feel bewildered," said Aunt Alice.

"Maybe you feel," smiled the Director, "like the Irish mother who brought her son here one afternoon. She wandered around for a while and then she remarked: 'Now isn't this a fine thing for the children! Sure, there's a lot they need to know besides an education.'"

—Courtesy of *The Beacon*.

If you think you're too small to do big things, do small things in a big way.

Clipped.

STANDING ROOM ONLY

A couple who lately did some exploring in London were being shown through the Parliament Buildings by a guide, and expressed surprise at the size of the hall where the Commons sits; it didn't look, they remarked, as if it could possibly hold all the members. The guide said that it couldn't—not by a hundred or so. "But they are never all here at once," he said, "so we find the accommodations adequate." This didn't quite satisfy our tourists. For heaven's sake, they demanded, weren't all the members present when, on occasion, the fate of the Empire might be hanging in the balance? "No," the guide said thoughtfully. "They know there wouldn't be any place to sit down even if they did come."

—*The New Yorker.*

PEOPLE WITH A PURPOSE

Willie Lee Buffington, a white mill-worker of Edgefield, South Carolina, had a capital of only ten cents, but he wanted to found a library for his negro friends. With the ten cents he purchased five two-cent stamps and wrote to five local people he didn't know, asking for books. If they couldn't furnish books, said his letter, would they please refund a stamp, so he could write to somebody else? One of his letters brought a thousand books, and with these as an incentive, Buffington and his friends built a log-cabin library. In the backwoods there is more lumber than anything else, and as more books came in, more cabins were built to house them. Today there are four Buffington log-cabin libraries, all of them doing a thriving business with a negro clientele.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

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ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home, and *requests from teachers and mothers who desire educational assistance*, should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Neal D. Randall, *Chairman*, 12 Stearns Street, Westwood, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

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